Theological Seminary,

THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

TWO LIGHTS.

"A thousand empires rise,
A thousand empires fall;
And still the eternal stars
Shine over all.

At last the shining stars
Into the night are thrust,
And suns and systems pale
Go down to dust.

But let the universe
Back into darkness roll—
Two lights death cannot dim,
God and the soul."

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Some ardent party prohibitionists predict that their candidate for the Presidency will poll a million votes this year. But to the average man it does not look as if prohibition of the liquor traffic is coming that way—not so much so as it did some years ago The Anti-Saloon League with its allied forces is in the saddle now and in the lead.

Philadelphia has a Domestic Training Institute for the purpose of educating colored women and men in domestic science. Its aim is to turn out good servants—cooks, waiters and housekeepers. The institute might be duplicated to advantage in cities all over the country—and for white as well as for colored people. How to get competent help in the homes is one of the great problems of the times. The problem will have to be solved or the American home as it was of old will soon be a thing of the past.

The failure to unite the Baptist and "Christian" Churches at Rockford, Illinois, is to be regretted. The union would have been effected if influences from without had not been brought to bear against it. If the united church could have been a Disciple or "Christian" church, the Disciples everywhere stood ready to favor it, and Baptists were ready to help it on if it could be a Baptist church. The failure is explained by a friend of the movement in these words: "An impractical idealism on the part of the Disciples of Christ and an unspiritual traditionalism on the part of many Baptists." But union will come generally between these denominations ere long. The next generation will not haggle over non-essentials religiously as the present generation does. And the present is an improvement over the past.

Everywhere people are talking against the "tipping" evil. Anti-tipping societies, if organized in different parts of the country, would soon build up a large membership. We believe that it will have to come to that ere long. It is said that Mr. Taft, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, never gives a tip. But to a great extent people have not the courage to conform to this demand of the times, and go on, many of them groaning under the exaction, and conscious of the fact that the custom is demoralizing to the characters of those to whom the tips are given. Really it is a species of graft,—a "hold up." We were talking the other day with several persons at a well-known California health resort who said that they found it impossible to get any satisfactory service in the dining room after a few meals if the tip were withheld. It is high time that a firm stand were taken everywhere against this. We were pleased to see a few weeks ago in the San Francisco Chronicle an editorial of considerable length in denunciation of this great evil. It was stated therein that in many barber shops things had come to such a pass that an endurable shave could not be had without a frequent tip. Those shops could rightly be named barbarous shops.

PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The society which has as its aim the education of the people in the use of wine at their tables is effecting organizations all over the state. It will endeavor to show that by such use drunkenness can be largely done away. In our opinion such use will create an appetite for drink, and so long as the saloon exists will lead more people within its ruinous walls.

An historical church, one of the oldest in San Francisco, dedicated a new house of worship recently—the Howard Street Methodist Episcopal. Services out of which grew this church were first held in 1849 by William Taylor. In 1851 regular services were instituted with the Rev. M. C. Briggs as first pastor. The building in which it worshiped for many years was destroyed by the fire of April, 1906. All but five of the 450 members lost their homes, and there resulted a great scattering. At the time of the dedication last month there were 170 members, 131 of whom were living in San Francisco.

A stand for the right never damages permanently any person or institution. All unprejudiced, far-sighted, sensible people were of opinion when the trouble was on that the stand taken by the authorities at Stanford University against drinking and drunkenness among the students would not operate to the detriment of that institution, despite the great flurry which it caused in certain circles for a while. Now it appears that as many new students are entering this year as any time in the history of the university. There is an old proverb which reads, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall." But the heavens never do fall when justice is done; they never have and they never will.

We congratulate Mr. E. P. Flint of the First Congregational Church of Oakland in that he attains this week, —on the 4th of September,—to his 80th birthday. We congratulate the First Church of Oakland, California Congregationalism, and many other institutions which make for things good and enduring, in that so many of the years of Mr. Flint's life have been spent on Pacific shores. Born in Boston, he came here in the early '50's, and has always been prominently identified with those institutions and movements which give the right stamp to our civilization. Accompanied by his daughter Mr. Flint will start the 15th of this month for a visit in New England of two months' duration. Appearing hardly three score and ten, he will be while there a good advertisement for California climate.

Seward's "Ice Preserve" and Polar-Bear Reserve," as Alaska was called, when its acquisition by the United States was first made known, has already astonished the world by its richness and value; but it promises to add more yet. It is said that new riches for the farmer are to come from what is termed "a miracle in wheat." In 1903 a searcher after gold found in those Northern wilds a gigantic head of wheat which he brought down to Idaho and planted there and which yielded him seven pounds the

next harvest. The following year he planted the seven pounds and they brought him 1,545 pounds—the ratio being 222 bushels to the acre. The wheat is pronounced superior to the famous blue-stem for flour and its sturdy stems withstand storms in a manner and to a degree unknown with other varieties. The wheat has been planted in other states and under only ordinary soil conditions has yielded at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre. What's the matter with Alaska? She's all right!

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It thought that the Panama Canal will be complted in 1912, or so far along at that time that vessels can use it.

In Ohio the liquor interests are working with desperate energy to elect a legislature that will repeal the county local option law.

General Booth's eyesight is becoming seriously impaired. Cataract manifested itself about two years ago, but did not become seriously troublesome until lately.

The British Weekly of August the 15th says: "Dr. Campbell Morgan is proving by the large audiences that assemble at Westminster Chapel each Saturday evening that it is possible, even in August, a month when, in the popular language, London is said to be empty to get a crowd on a Saturday evening eager to listen to an address on a religious subject. On Saturday evening last the area of the chapel was crowded, nearly 1,200 persons being present."

Quanah Parker, who was a few years ago a bloodthirsty Comanche Indian chief, was recently elected head of a district school board in Oklahoma, and his son, a graduate of Carlisle Schcol, was appointed teacher. Quanah Parker's mother was a white woman, taken prisoner when a child by the present chief's father. The child grew to womanhood among the Comanches, then a wild, wandering, bloodthirsty tribe, roaming the plains of Texas. The chief made her his squaw and she bore him a son, Quanah Parker. Not long after she went back to her white people, but the Indian life had gained too strong a hold upon her to remain, and she returned to her tepee and her chief, and lived with the tribe until her death.

It is said that C. A. Stearns who died a few weeks ago in Boston was the originator of the "Hello" of the telephone. When Professor Bell was experimenting on the instrument that has since come into world-wide importance, Williams of Court street was doing electrical work, Stearns had been called in to assist, and the first line connected the Williams office with the laboratory in Exeter place. When on the evening of the final trials the group of investigators was assembled, Mr. Bell took the transmitter, and to attract the attention of the operator at the other end, he called, "I say, Mr. Gower; I say, Mr. Gower." When it came Mr. Stearns' time for speaking he picked up the transmitter, and his call was, "Hello, hello." And since that time "hello" has been the popular call.

The Indianapolis News remarks concerning the Negro problem that we shall never get rid of it until we are prepared to deal with it fairly, to deal with it on the theory that Negroes are human beings. "Many plans have been tried, and in spite of all that has been done in the way of control and repression, the problem is with us yet. And it seems to grow more difficult all the while. It will continue to grow more difficult as long as we insist on drawing a line politically between the two races. In a free country it is impossible to have two classes of men, all of whom are citizens, to one of which classes all political rights are denied. For this is to subject one class of citizens to the rule of the other class, and that is something that cannot continue always if this Government is to continue free. It may be that the issue will not assume an important place in the present campaign. But it will persist for many years, and will never be got rid of until we make up our minds to do equal and exact justice to all men. Just now the leaders on both sides seem chiefly interested in running away from the question."

The Jewish Publication Society will issue in 1910 a new translation of the Old Testament. A committee of Jewish rabbis is to co-operate with the society in the effort to place the new version in practically every Jewish household, and it is said that the book will be kept free from all non-Jewish interpretations. The publication society has been in existence for a score of years, and has issued more than seventy books of Jewish history, literature, philosophy, ethics, poetry, biography and fiction. It has distributed a total of 350,000. It is the publisher of the Jewish Year Book, an authority on the affairs of Jews in America. The latest edition of the Year Book contains statistics indicating a Jewish population in the United States of 1,800,000. Another Jewish organization, the American Jewish Historical Society, has recently enlarged its scope so that it includes the study of all Jewish history. It was formerly confined to the history of Jews in America, but its new plans will enable it to study the history of the race in general. It is purposed to give especial attention to research as to the causes which led to Jewish emigration to this country.

James Wilson MacDonald, who died recently in New York at the age of 84, was America's oldest sculptor. He was of Scotch parents, and was born at Steubenville, Ohio. His career began when as a small boy he drew pictures on barn doors. His father, a farmer, wanted his son to be a blacksmith, but the boy ran away from home and journeyed to St. Louis. At seventeen he entered the employ of a book publishing house in that city. Eleven years after he became senior partner. At thirty Mr. MacDonald retired from active business to study art. Before leaving St. Louis he modelled a bust of Thomas H. Benton, then United States Senator from Missouri, which was the first model of sculpture art cut west of the Mississippi river. Charles O'Connor was his next subject, and later James F. Brady, whose bust is in the law library of New York, to which city he went soon after the Civil War. The statue of Edward Bates, attorney-general under President Lincoln, at Forest Park, St. Louis, is another striking example of his work. His later works are a statue of Fitz Greene Halleck, bust of Washington Irving, in Prospect Pork, Brooklyn; bust of John Hancock, MacDonald's "Washington," is widely known throughout the country. It is a copy of the bust of Washington made at Mount Vernon by Jean Antoine Houdon, in 1785, the original of which is in the State Capitol of Virginia.

The Interior, a leading Presbyterian paper, is not pleased with the editorial management of the Bible Student and Teacher, as the following from that paper will indicate: Dr. Gregory, the editor of The Bible Student and Teacher, classes The Interior with agencies that "are doing their utmost to sink Christianity to the level of the paganism, the 'horrible pit,' out of which it has been lifted by the Bible and the gospel!" The offense which brings upon The Inter-

ior this blood-curdling indictment is our advocating a new catechism for Presbyterian children, the purpose in which, according to Dr. Gregory, is to say that those who still use the Shorter Catechism are reviled in these columns "as mossbacks, if not idiots." It is barely possible that a few folks who don't read The Interior may think there is some sense in Dr. Gregory's vain imaginings, but the readers of the paper know that the reason advanced in these pages for a new catechism has been the importance of providing some means through which the cildren of the church can be taught the children' doctrines more plainly and effectively than is possible through the medium of the Shorter Catechism. The Interior has pointed out that on account of its stilted abstractions the modern teacher won't use that catechism as a teaching text, and has urged the preparation of something that can be used. But it has never, as its readers do not need to be reminded, used offensive terms concerning the minority who still prefer the venerable work of the Westminster divines. Such an allegation is simply a part of Dr. Gregory's habitual distortion of "things as they are." The editor of The Bible Student and Teacher needs a descriptive subtitle for his magazine; this would fit it to a nicety: "A very orthodox journal conducted in a spirit calculated to disgust orthodox believers with orthodoxy."

The Syrian ppeasants are adepts in dry-farming. In Syria and Palestine from the beginning of April until October there is practically no rain, yet in July ths fields team with a vigorous growth of watermelons, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., all flourishing without artificial watering, although at that time no rain has fallen for many weeks. In fact the Syrian peasant from the moment the seed has been sown, prays that no rain may fall. During the period of growth of a crop the surface of the soil to the surface of the soil to a depth of six or eight inches is perfectly dry and loose. Below this surface layer will be found moist soil, in which the extend and grow vigorously. In this moist soil plants continue to grow until the late autumn. When the crop is removed in the autumn the rains commence and the land is ploughed after each heavy rain as soon as the soil begins to dry. Two primary objects are kept in view in ploughing—to furnish a favorable surface for taking up all the water and to prevent its upward evaporation from the subsoil. The great point is to keep the upper six inches of soil perfectly loose and friable, so that the moisture from below is not drawn upward and lost in evaporation, but does not ascend higher than the compact subsoil that is not broken up by the plough. For this reason the ploughing is shallow, averaging from four to six inches in depth. When the time for sowing the seed arrives the land is ploughed to a depth of about six inches and the seed is sown from an arrangement attached to the plough, falls on the damp subsoil and is covered by the soil closing over behind the ploughshare. From this time the upper stratum of loose soil prevents the escape of moisture upward beyond the wet subsoil on which the seeds rest and into which their roots after the process of germination spread.

ROOSEVELT ON FAIR PLAY.

Better to Lose Than to Win by Trickery.

In connection with the playground movement in Washington, the secretary of the Playground Association of America gave out recently a letter from President Roosevelt to the boys and girls of Washington. It was in part as follows:

"Through Dr. Curtis I have learned that many of you are taking an active part in various athletic contests and athletic events in your city. I am glad to see this. I believe in work, and I do not believe in sacrificing work to play; but I most emphatically believe also in play. A boy or girl who has a healthy body will be all the better fit for serious work, and if the health come through vigorous sports pursued in an honorable, straightforward manner, not only the mind but the character is benefited.

"To the boys I wish to say a special word. I emphatically believe in manliness, in courage, in physical address, but I believe quite as much in good comradeship and in the spirit of fair play. I hope that wherever you enter a contest you will do all that is in you to win, and yet that you will remember that it is far better to fail than to win by any unfairness, by any underhand trickery. Keep in mind that it is only by persistent effort in the face of discouragement that any of us ever do anything that is really worth while doing. The fellow who gives up when he is once beaten is made of mighty poor stuff, and if he thus gives up as soon as he beaten in a sport, he does not stand much chance of success in the serious conflicts of after life. The true spirit, the spirit which wins victories in after life, is the spirit which fights hard to succeed, but which takes defeat with good nature and with the resolute determination to try again. It is a good beginning for this serious work of after life if on the playgrounds you learn how to co-operate with your fellows, and to do your best to win, while at the same time treating your opponents with fairness and courtesy."

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

The recent figures of emigration to and immigration from Europe, by our laboring population, as compiled by the steamship companies, showed that in July, 34,950 more laborers left America than arrived in it. This merely repeated the story of the five or six preceding months. A good many people have asked, who are the departing laborers?

The government's reports on the same movement are always belated. Two weeks ago they got down to the figures of May. But May was a month of active emigration, and the government figures are classified according to the nation to which the arriving or departing emigrants belong. These are some illustrative comparisons:

Nationality.	Arrived.	Departed.
Austria-Hungary	4,841	10,667
Germany	2,439	722
Italy	5,382	11,691
Russia and Finland	3,880	4,231
Sweden	953	284
United Kingdom	7,934	815

There are several curious facts about this May showing. One is that we apparently lost, "on balance," our least desirable citizens—Hungarians, Russians and Italians—and gained in the more desirable, such as Germans, Swedes and English, or Irish. This was not strange, inasmuch as the first named group are the unskilled laborers in manufacturing industries, or the coarser work of railroads and cities, where the others comprise the agricultural workers who should be in as great demand as ever.

A question not so easy to answer is, how long the common laborers who have gone home will manage to live on their accumulated savings, and what chance they will have for employment in Europe, where, as well as here, industry is slack. Another interesting problem is, how much gold we have quietly exported, in the pockets of these returning aliens.

RAILROAD EARNINGS IN 1908.

The Loss During First Half of Year.

Compilation of the earnings of railroads in the United States during the first six months of the current year show a startling record of trade depression. There has never before in American railroad history been such a prodigious loss in revenues, as far as amount is concerned, and on the records there is shown no period where between one year and another the percentage of loss has been so large for successive months.

From returns of roads representing a mileage of 202,322, the shrinkage in gross income from traffic from 1906 was $189,833,000. About 28,000 miles of road are now embraced in the returns. In ratio, the falling off reaches ratios of decrease were respectively 12.49, 11.79, and 13.37 per cent, but in April, May and June the ratios rose to 18.89, 22.67, and 20.89 per cent. Here is the comparison:

	1908.	1907.	Decrease.
January	$151,758,406	$172,283,006	$20,524,600
February	141,256,206	160,150,610	18,894,404
March	162,495,089	187,435,350	24,940,261
April	154,137,168	190,046,156	35,908,988
May	153,112,628	198,146,871	45,034,243
June	46,515,462	158,800,434	12,284,972

A comparison of the present year's showing with recent years is as follows:

1908	$ 941,602,296	$1,131,436,032	$189,833,646
1907	1,115,123,431	989,162,646	125,960,785
1906	941,429,882	823,886,121	117,543,761
1905	910,027,258	846,375,228	63,652,030
1904	794,229,168	810,131,983	15,202,815
1903	847,034,318	745,087,476	101,946,842
1902	749,923,005	701,688,284	47,334,721

SONG STORIES.

The following is from Ira D. Sankey's story of his life and songs:

First Service in England.

In June, 1873, we sailed for England, Mr. Moody taking his wife and children with him, and my wife accompanying me, having left our two children with their grandparents. The voyage was uneventful, but on arriving at Liverpool Mr. Moody received letters informing him that both Mr. Pennefather and Mr. Bainbridge, the two men who had invited us to come to England, were dead.

Neither of us had any money, and the situation looked anything but cheerful. Turning to me, Mr. Moody said: "Sankey, it seems as if God has closed the door for us, and if he will not open it we will return to America at once."

But as Mr. Moody was looking over some letters which he had received in New York before sailing and which had remained unread, he found one from the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at York, asking him if he ever came to England again, to come there and speak for the association.

"Here is a door," said Moody to me after reading the letter, "which is partly open, and we will go there and begin our work."

Mr. Bennett, this association secretary, secured for our use a vacant chapel, but said that he hardly thought it worth while for us to commence work as nearly all the people were off at the seaside. "Sankey, write out a little notice," said Mr. Moody, turning to me; "we will have some handbills struck off." And the notice read as follows:

Evangelistic Services.

D. L. Moody of Chicago will preach, and Ira D. Sankey of Chicago will sing, at seven o'clock P. M., tomorrow, Thursday, and each succeeding evening for a week, in the Independent Chapel. All are welcome. No collection.

The first meeting was attended by less than fifty persons, who took seats as far away from the pulpit as possible. I sang several solos before Mr. Moody's address, and that was my first service of song in England. It was with some difficulty that I could get the people to sing, as they had not been accustomed to the kind of songs that I was using.

The next evening there was an attendance of about two hundred persons. It was while these services were held at York that the now eminent minister of London, Rev. F. B. Meyer, received a great spiritual quickening, according to his own testimony. From this small beginning the attendance of our meetings continued to increase, until not less than 20,000 persons attended the meetings at the Agricultural Hall, London.

Scotch Questioning.

The third meeting was held in the same Church, and great interest was manifested by the citizens. The question of the solo singing, as to its propriety and usefulness, was not as yet fully understood or admitted; hence it was with much fear and trepidation that we thus really entered, this third night upon our three months' campaign.

As I took my seat at the instrument on that, to me, most memorable evening, I discovered, to my great surprise, that Dr. Horatius Bonar was seated close by my organ, right in front of the pulpit. The first gospel-song music I had ever composed, written since coming to Edinburgh, was set to words which he wrote — "Yet there is room."

Of all men in Scotland he was the one concerning whose decision I was most solicitous. He was, indeed, my ideal hymn writer, the prince among hymnists of his day and generation. And yet he would not sing one of his own beautiful hymns in his own congregation, such as "I heard the Voice of Jesus Say," or I Was a Wandering Sheep," because he ministered to a church that believed in the use of the psalms only.

With fear and trembling I announced as a solo the song, "Free From the Law, O Happy Condition."

No prayer having been offered for this part of the service, and feeling that the singing might prove only an entertainment, and not a spiritual blessing, I requested the whole congregation to join me in a word of prayer, asking God to bless the truth about to be sung.

In the prayer my anxiety was relieved. Believing and rejoicing in the glorious truth contained in the song, I sang it through to the end.

At the close of Mr. Moody's address, Dr. Bonar turned toward me with a smile on his venerable face, and reaching out his hand he said: "Well, Mr. Sankey, you sang the gospel tonight."

And thus the way was opened for my mission of sacred song in Scotland.

On another occasion as we wer holding meetings in the Free Assembly Hall, while I was singing a solo a woman's shrill voice was heard in the gallery, as she made her way toward the door, crying: "Let me oot! Let me oot! What

would John Knox think of the like of yon?" At the conclusion of the solo I went across the street to sing at an overflow meeting in the famous Talbooth Church. I had just begun to sing, when the same voice was again heard, "Let me oot! Let me oot! What would John Knox think of the like of yon?"

Sankey and Gipsy Smith.

While holding meetings at Burdett Road, London, in 1874, Mr. Moody and I one Saturday took a drive out to Epping Forest. There we visited a gipsy camp. While stopping to speak to two brothers who had been converted and were doing good missionary work, a few young gipsy lads came up to our carriage. I put my hand on one of them and said: "May the Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!"

Fifteen years later, when Gipsy Smith made his first visit to America, I had the pleasure of taking him for a drive in Brooklyn. While passing through Prospect Park he asked me:

"Do you remember driving out from London one day to a gipsy camp at Epping Forest?" I replied that I did. "Do you remember a little gipsy boy standing by your carriage," he asked again, "and you put your hand on his head, saying that you hoped he would be a preacher?" "Yes, I remember it well." "I am that boy," said Gipsy Smith. My surprise can be better imagined than described. Little had I thought that the successful evangelist and fine gospel singer of whom I had heard so much, and whom I had so much admired, was the little boy I had met in the gipsy camp. Truly God has granted my wish of fifteen years before, and had made a mighty preacher of the gipsy boy.

Dark Is the Night.

"Dark is the night and cold the wind is blowing,
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;"

When I was chorister in Moody's Sunday-school, on the north side of Chicago, we frequently used this hymn. On the memorable Sunday night when the city was destroyed by fire, and I had made my escape in a small boat out into Lake Michigan, this song came to my mind, and as I sat there watching the city burn I sang:

"Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;
Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?
Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er."

The Ninety and Nine.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold."

It was in the year 1874 that the poem, "The Ninety and Nine," was discovered, set to music, and sent out upon its world-wide mission. Its discovery seemed as if by chance, but I cannot regard it otherwise than providential. Mr. Moody had just been conducting a series of meetings in Glasgow, and I had been assisting him in his work as director of the singing. We were at the railway station at Glasgow and about to take the train for Edinburgh, whither we were going upon an urgent invitation of ministers to hold three days of meetings there before going into the Highlands. We had held a three months' series in Edinburgh just previous to our four months' campaign in Glasgow. As we were about to board the train I bought a weekly newspaper for a penny. Being much fatigued by our incessant labors at Glasgow, and intending to begin work immediately upon our arrival at Edinburgh, we did not travel second or third class as was our custom, but sought the seclusion and rest which a first-class railway carriage in Great Britain affords. In the hope of finding news from America I began perusing my lately purchased newspaper. This hope, however, was doomed to disappointment, as the only thing in its columns to remind an American of home and native land was a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher.

I threw the paper down, but shortly before arriving in Edinburgh I picked it up again with a view to reading the advertisements. While thus engaged my eyes fell upon a little piece of poetry in a corner of the paper. I carefully read it over, and at once made up my mind that this would be a great hymn for evangelistic work—if it had a tune. So impressed was I that I called Mr. Moody's attention to it, and he asked me to read it to him. This I commenced to do with all the vim and energy at my command. After I had finished I looked at my friend Moody to see what the effect had been, only to discover that he had not heard a word, so absorbed was he in a letter which he had received from Chicago. My chagrin can better be imagined than described. Notwithstanding this experience, I cut out the poem and placed it in my musical scrap-book—which, by the way, has been seed-plot from which sprang many of the gospel songs that are now known throughout the world.

At the noon meeting on the second day, held at the Free Assembly Hall, the subject presented by Mr. Moody and other speakers was "The Good Shepherd." When Mr. Moody finished speaking he called upon Dr. Bonar to say a few words. He spoke only a few minutes, but with great power, thrilling the immense audience by his fervid eloquence. At the conclusion of Dr. Bonar's words Mr. Moody turned to me with the question, "Have you a solo appropriate for this subject, with which to close the service?" I had nothing suitable in mind, and was greatly troubled to know what to do. Thetwenty-third psalm occurred to me, but this had been sung several times in the meeting. I knew that every Scotchman in the audience would join me if I sang that, so I could not possibly render this favorite psalm as a solo. At this moment I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Sing the hymn you found on the train!" But I thought this impossible, as no music had ever been written for that hymn. Again the impression came strongly upon me that I must sing the beautiful and appropriate words I had found the day before, and placing the little newspaper slip on the organ in front of me, I lifted my heart in prayer, asking God to help me so to sing that the people might hear and understand. Laying my hands upon the organ I struck the key of A flat, and began to sing.

Note by note the tune was given, which has not been changed from that day to this. As the singing ceased a great sigh seemed to go up from the meeting, and I knew that the song had reached the hearts of my Scotch audience. Mr. Moody was greatly moved. Leaving the pulpit, he came down to where I was seated. Leaning over the organ, he looked at the little newspaper slip from which the song had been sung, and with tears in his eyes said: "Sankey, where did you get that hymn? I never heard the like of it in my life." I was also moved to tears and arose and replied: "Mr. Moody, that's the hymn I read to you yesterday on the train, which he did not hear." Then Mr. Moody raised his hand and pronounced the benediction, and the meeting closed. Thus "The Ninety and Nine" was born.

There'll Be No Dark Valley.

"There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes."

One night during the Boxer revolt, when the Chinese had set fire to many buildings and it seemed as though all the missionaries and native Christians in a besieged city would be destroyed, the children belonging to the Junior Christian Endeavor Society held a meeting in a chapel. While the cracklings of the flames, the sharp report of the Chinese guns, and the cries of men and women running to and fro were rending the air, these little disciples of Jesus were singing: "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes."

A missionary, working in the slums of a city in Ireland, writes me as follows: "I feel constrained to thank you from the bottom of my soul for all the great blessings I have received from singing your songs. I am a worker in the slums of ——, and I find that your songs reach the hearts of alien men and women before anything else. I have just returned home from our meeting, and the message I sang tonight was your sweet song: "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes." I want to thank you in particular for this song, because it presents death to us in such a glorious way. The old Welsh people used to speak and sing of death as something very fearful—a dark river, great waves, and so on. I remember my dear mother singing all the Welsh hymns referring to death until I shuddered. But, praise the Lord, I know that it is different. Your little song has confirmed this belief in me not only, but in many, many more souls."

I arranged this hymn from the words which Mr. W. O. Cushing wrote for me, of which, however, I used only the first line, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes." It has of late become quite a favorite throughout the country.

When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

I sang this hymn for the first time in the Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, in 1874, at one of Mr. Moody's meetings. The service was held at eight o'clock on a gloomy winter morning. The hall was densely crowded and filled with mist, so much so that the people could hardly be discerned at the farther end of the hall. I felt the need of something to brighten up the meting, and then and there decided to launch this new song. It was received with much enthusiasm, and at once became a favorite of Mr. Moody's and continued to be so until his death.

Where Is My Boy Tonight?

"Where is my wandering boy tonight—
The boy of my tenderest care?"

A mother came to me in Boston and asked me if I would try to find her wandering boy in California when I should go there with Mr. Moody to hold meetings. I promised to do what I could. For several weeks, as opportunity presented itself, I searched the cheap boarding houses for the young man. At last I found him in the slums of the city and asked him to come to our meetings. He refused, saying he was not fit to be seen there; but after much persuasion he came. One evening I sang: "Where is my wandering boy?" and prefaced it with a few remarks, saying that I knew of one dear mother in the East who was praying for her wandering boy tonight. This, together with the song, touched the young man's heart, and he found his way into the inquiry room, where, with my open Bible, I was enabled by God's grace to lead him into the light. I wrote to his mother and told her that her boy had been found, and that he was now a professed Christian. She sent me money to pay his railway fare back to Boston, and in a short time he had reached home and received a hearty welcome. He soon found employment, and became a useful citizen, and has since been a follower of Christ.

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

Do you remember that paragraph in "The Octopus" into which Frank Norris crowded a segment of summer in the San Joaquin Valley? May I copy it for you, word for word?

"It was the last half of September, the very end of the dry season, and all Tulare county, all the vast reaches of the San Joaquin Valley—in fact, all South Central California, was bone-dry, parched and baked and crisped, after four months of cloudless weather, when the day seemed always at noon, and the sun b lazed white-hot over the valley, from the Coast Range in the west to the foothills of the Sierras in the east."

An accurate description, no doubt, of "all Tulare county," as many Septembers in the not very distant past found it; but the chronicler of today has a somewhat different story to tell, a picture to paint that demands water scenes and living greens, the blush of the peach and the purple of the plum. There are sections yet where the fine gray dust gives the landscape its dominant color-tone during the later days of summer; but the patches of leaf-green multiply, breaking up the long stretches of dust-gray and stubble-gray that once controlled the land after the wheat was harvested.

We turn the pages of "The Octopus" and stop again to read Norris' description of the day that once was, but has now given place to another:

"The whole gigantic sweep of the San Joaquin expanded, Titanic, before the eye of the mind, flagellated with heat, quivering and shimmering under the sun's red eye. At long intervals a faint breath of wind out of the south passed slowly over the levels of the baked and empty earth, accentuating the silence, marking off the stillness. It seemed to exhale from the land itself, a prolonged sigh as of deep fatigue. It was the season after the harvest, and the great earth, the mother, after its period of reproduction, its pains of labor, delivered of the fruit of its loins, slept the sleep of exhaustion, the infinite repose of the colossus, benignant, eternal, strong, the nourisher of nations, the feeder of an entire world."

One can still feel all this as he moves through the San Joaquin Valley, but he cannot see it, as he might once have done. It is here yet, but as a sort of background upon which is being thrown a new life, a new order of things. The sense of immensity is giving place to something smaller, and finer, more neighborly. As one reads "The Octopus" he wonders how the author could ever stand it to have his mind dwelling as intensely on large things, powerful things. His adjectives are most of them mountain-like words, and the whole movement of the book is in the realm of the gigantic, the colossal, the powerful. He describes a ranch of the former day—"a ranch bounded only by the horizons, where, as far as one could see, to the north, to the east, to the south and to the west, was all one holding, a principality ruled with iron and steam, bullied into a yield of three hundred

and fifty thousand bushels, where even when the land was resting, unemployed, unharrowed, and unsown, the wheat came up." He describes a ranch-owner of the former day, and it is a picture of one who "loved to do things upon a grand scale, to preside, to dominate. In his good humor there was something Jovian. When angry, everybody around him trembled. But he had not the genius for detail, was not patient. The certain grandiose lavishness of his disposition occupied itself more with results than with means. He was always ready to take chances, to hazard everything on the hopes of colossal returns."

I was riding the other day with a friend in his runabout. We passed an old ranch-house. A few cows were feeding in a field near by.

"That man has been a great wheat-rancher in his time," remarked my friend, "but he has cut up his ranch now into small holdings, and is not doing things on quite so large a scale as he used to. It must seem like small business to a man who has been accustomed to working thousands of acres, to come down to a few cows."

We stopped at one of the wells that furnishes water for irrigation. "Artesian—this well runs down six hundred and fifty feet, but there is plenty of water nearer the surface. Most of the wells are not so deep as this one." We passed "place after place" upon which families have just settled, new houses have been built, new homes have been established. Many of these has each its own pumping plant, and water and work is fast turning the gray to green, and the great ranches are giving place to innumerable little homes. The one-man power is yielding to the pressure of the needs of "other folks," and the people are coming in to claim a place for themselves.

We stopped at one of these homes. We found the man we were looking for out in a little clump of peach trees. Some of the finest fruit I have seen this summer was being gathered from these trees. The talk to which I was soon listening reminded me of the story of Jonah's gourd.

"I didn't suppose you had anything like this out here yet. How old are these trees, anyway?"

"Three years from the seed."

Are the new days in the San Joaquin Valley better than the old days? Is not today anywhere a time drawn closer to the soul of things than any day of the past? When I came from my ride I read the closing words of "The Octopus:"

"Falseness dies; injustice and oppression in the end of everything fade and vanish away. Greed, cruelty, selfishness and inhumanity are short-lived; the individual suffers, but the race goes on . . . The larger view always and through all shams, all wickedness, discovers the truth that will, in the end, prevail, and all things, surely, inevitably.

Yes, these days in the San Joaquin valley are better than the old days, and the days that are coming will be better than these, for God is working, and people are thinking, and the race moves steadily toward alternate good.

Tulare, August 29, 1908.

VACATION VAGARIES.

By W. H. G. Temple, D.D.

VIII.

My entire visit in Seattle has been domiciled at a family hotel. I withhold the name to save the proprietors from applying to the owners of the building for an additional ell. The rooms have been so comfortable and homelike, the cuisine so satisfactory, the boarders so respectable and domestic a company, that I am thinking of securing my suite for next year's vacation. But despite all that can be said of the very best life in a family hotel there are always some drawbacks. One of these centers is the chef. He is the high and mighty mogul. The proprietors do not come within a mile, or so, of his nibs in importance. He fixes the pace, so to speak, and all the others have to keep step. It makes no difference whether he is a Mongolian from nobody knows where, or a New Yorker with the reputation of Waldorf Astoria prominence, what he says goes. We have here an unusually sensible chef, but along some lines of cooking he is unpardonably partial to the onion. Now I do not mind confiding to the readers of The Pacific that I am the onion's most deadly foe. I rebel at both the smell and the taste. I am by no means alone in this attitude, though I fear human depravity has so thoroughly debased the race in these degenerate days that I cannot claim a very large following. The ancients, however, are entirely with me. Bonerinus, Guirnerius and Crato despised all roots and especially onions. And Magninus went so far as to say that they sent "black vapors up to the brain, and if a man should eat of them plentifully for a year together, they would drive him mad." In these days the festive onion seems to have curried favor with the physicians; but on humanitarian principles every true minded citizen must oppose it. It always seems to me, in an evil sense, what the quality of mercy appeared to be, in a good sense, to the fair Portia in the trial scene of the Merchant of Venice. You remember that fair pleader said:

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven;
> * * * * * It is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

So the insidious onion, though ten times strained, curseth him who eats and him who takes his lea!

I have always been partial to music, and in the early days of my ministry when preparing two sermons a week was hard sledding, and the blank sheet of paper had a way of staring at me in its glistering whiteness for hours innocent of a single black mark from my hesitating pen, I used sometimes to get my wife to play on the piano, that, wooed to inventiveness, my mind might do its duty. It seemed to me that thoughts would come to me under the persuasive influence of music that otherwise would have gone by. I am also very fond of the histrionic art, and were it not for the questionable influence of the theater I would enjoy many a pure play to the full. But long ago I learned that where there is doubt there is danger, and in spiritual work we cannot afford to give the devil the benefit of the doubt.

But now in this family hotel I am amply supplied with both music and elocution. We have a reader in the next room and a singer overhead. Sometimes low moans as if some awful tragedy were being rehearsed, come sighing through the keyhole. Again fierce hisses indicative of diabolical hate whistle athwart the cracks. Pleading tones, so gentle in their wooing amorousness, that I am tempted to burst in and interrupt the scene, sweep over the wall and make the plaster blush. Then scorn and anguish, as though there were great foaming of mouth and great tearage of hair, freeze the blood; to be followed by rippling then hygenic laughter and strong, imperious command and demand. Oh, it is thrilling!

Then the orchestra begins its interlude, and the girl upstairs pulls out her tremulo stop and shrieks. I suppose that word is somewhat misleading. It was merely a high note that she took. It is a shame to leave a false impres-

sion, even if the public do not know and never will know the singer. She really has a very good voice, and handles—perhaps I better say mouths—it very well. But scale practice and continuous exercise, while highly beneficial to the party in action, are not conducive to equanimity of temper on the part of the afflicted neighbors.

I suppose, if I desire to be truthful, I must acknowledge to considerable exaggeration in both of the above descriptions. But even if the offense is mild, I submit that a public hotel with uninterested patrons about, above and below, is no place for either learners or professionals to go through their vocal gymnastics. I am threatening to read my sermons aloud and do a little cornet practice, and I am not a good cornet player, to offset the attack.

There once was a woman who read,
In her room to her washbowl and bed,
Till the neighbors in wrath,
Got onto her path,
And shot her most fatally dead!

There was also another who sang,
Till the ears of the other folks rang;
They were in such a plight,
They got up in the night,
And—she—to—the—bedpost—did—hang!

* * * * * *

And now the vacation is almost over and I am anticipating the return to my work with more pleasure than I can put into words. I suppose an ideal vacation is one which the minister looks forward to with eagerness, enjoys to the full, and when the time is up does not tantalize him with longings for its continuance, but puts him into such general shape that he is ready to take up his multiform duties again with enthusiasm. That is certainly the kind of vacation I have had this year. If these squibs have been actual vagaries, please remember they have been the product of a vacating pastor. I have not tried to check their whimsicality, and I suppose the reader has not been sorry By the time this closing sketch reaches the public eye, the boyishness of the writer will have become sobered somewhat —as far as his nature will permit—and the full tide of responsibility will have rolled over him. A let-up is often the best introduction to a more helpful lift-up later on.

A few years ago in the East I prepared a broadside article for a daily paper on the "Avocations of Brain Workers." I sent out sixty circular-letters to as many of the leading brain-workers of this country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, asking them how they spent their spare time and especially their vacations. Ministers, physicians, editors, professors, lawyers, college presidents, political office-holders and others were included in the list. Out of the sixty queries sent out fifty-six were answered—a remarkable fact. Classifying them, I found a few fishermen, no hunters, twelve golf players, as many tennis players, and two actually willing to acknowledge croquet. The late Bishop Potter was fond of horseback riding. Ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts, devotes much time to automobiling. Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., takes long walks in the woods. The redoubtable James Hamilton Lewis of Chicago, lately in the race for the gubernatorial nomination, and quite possibly a successful mayoralty aspirant in the near future,wrote me that composing and executing vocal music was his hobby when off duty. "Ralph Connor" likes nothing better than to get behind the fiery steed that can swallow a mile in 2:30, and try the level plain around Winnipeg. President King, of Oberlin, delights in tree planting and landscape gardening. Rev. M. A. Matthews, D.D., of this city, in the midst of his work likes to sit at hotel tables and watch the table manners of the people; he says it is a fine place to study individualities. As the article is not before me, I do not recall the recreations of Dr. Lyman Abbott, Editor Bok, of the Ladies' Home Journal, Dr. Dunning, of the Congregationalist, President Hadley of Yale, President Schurman of Cornell, and others; but I do remember that Rev. R. A. McArthur, D.D., of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, had not taken a real vacation in many years, spending almost all his time in preaching and lecturing. All this is interesting, not merely because it shows the bent of the mind in different classes of men, but because it emphasizes the opposites of employment to which men will often go to procure rest and strength for the next exacting duty. At the conclusion of the compilation I was obliged to acknowledge that the preparing of that article was a suggestion of my own method in that variation of employment which together with visiting old friends and scenes seemed best fitted for rest and recuperation. These sketches have had the same effect.

And now back to the grandest work ever given man to do!

Goodby, Seattle! goodby, fog;
Goodby, the cool and bracing air;
Goodby, the snarling little dog,
That I can't ever catch to flog;
Goodby, my easy Morris chair,
I'm going south.
Welcome, the balmy breezes; yes,
Welcome, the sunshine ever bright;
Welcome, the sacred blessedness
Of serving those in dire distress,
And pointing souls to God and right,
When I go south.

Goodby, the hours so quickly flown;
Goodby, the lazy, hazy days;
Goodby to all the undertone
Of restfulness, as time has grown
In wantonness o'er devious ways;—
I'm going south.
Welcome, to strenuous hours to come;
Welcome, the unremitting toil;
Welcome, the sombreness, the glum,
The moody, silent hours, the sum
Of all my varied, anxious moil,
When I go south.

Goodby, old friends, so staunch and true;
Goodby, the scenes to memory dear;
Goodby the Sound, the mountain view,
The bustling, hill-crowned city, too,
Where I've spent many a happy year;—
I'm going south.
Welcome, new friends as dearly loved;
Welcome, the garden city fair;
Welcome the bonds already proved
Unbreakable, the faith unremoved,
The joy of service waiting there,
When I go south.

Goodby to leisure; sketchy pen;
Goodby, vagaries whimsical;;
Goodby quaint rhymes, I fear, again

Ye dare not taunt the eyes of men,
With your odd meters flimsical;—
I'm going south.
Welcome, the grandest thought of all;
Welcome earth's noblest, best employ;
Welcome the waiting chance to call
Men from the blasting power and gall
Of sin, to holiness and joy,
When I go south.

Seattle.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SEPT. 13.

Commending Our Society. I. By Church Attendance.

(Ps. 26: 1-12. Heb. 10: 21-5.)

It is a process both wise and salutary for an individual or an organization on occasion to take account of stock, to enter upon a rigid self-examination.

"Know Thyself," was the wise maxim of the ancient Greek sage, and he spoke advisedly. It is neither normal nor healthful to be eternally peering within to discern faults or errors, but a sane and sober introspection is now and then both helpful and necessary. It is with this doubtless in mind that the topic for this week is the first of a series of themes dealing with the ways in which our Christian Endeavor Society may commend itself to God and man. They are tests by which we may judge of our efficiency. If they are to be of practical value, they must have a personal and pertinent application. They will involve on our part a rigid self-examination. We must ask ourselves if we are meeting these requirements, if we as individuals and as a society are living up to the full measure of our responsibilities. Let us then prayerfully and earnestly enter on this process of self-examination.

Christian Endeavor on Trial.

The only nature of our subject implies that our society must make good its right to the various consideration and sincere trust of men and the loving approval of God. Christian Endeavor is on trial. The society has its large and increasing membership, its great conventions, its world-wide work.

But the glamor of the great movement must not blind us to the fact that the Christian Endeavor Society is still on trial. Many societies are languishing, many are dead. In some of our strongest churches the movement has been a failure. The mere fact that your society exists is not the real test of its right to live. Men rightly ask what we are DOING to make good our claims. The world will rigidly apply Jesus' test: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It is a crucial hour for Endeavor. We must commend ourselves to men and God by living up to our pledge and by doing our full duty as Endeavorers. The topic this week indicates the first of the ways by which we may justify our continued existence—by attendance at church services.

It will commend our society to the pastor. Many a pastor feels that his Christian Endeavor Society is but a broken reed to lean upon, just because the members of that society do not attend the church services. In more than one church the Christian Endeavorers, having closed their meeting, jostle past the incoming church attendants in their eager hurry to leave the church. Many a Sunday evening the pastor goes home sick at heart because those young people whom he has a right to expect to find at church services absent themselves.

What a power the discouraged minister would feel if the entire Christian Endeavor Society would adjourn their meeting only to attend the evening services in a body. Here is a real opportunity for help to your pastor open to every member. Make it a point to be present at every service that you can. Let your pastor know that he may always expect to find you there and you may cheer him more than you can realize. And if you will go yet further, and as many societies are doing, take upon yourselves the responsibility for the evening service of your church, you can do more than all else to solve the vexed "Sunday evening problem."

It will commend your society to the church. In all too many of our churches the older members feel that the motto, "For Christ and the Church" is a dead letter, because of the exclusive devotion of the society to its own interests. The earnest and assiduous attendance of the members of the society at church services will do much to create a real sympathy and better understanding between the church and the society.

And attendance at church services will be of incalculable help to your individual Christian life and thus stimulate and enrich the life of your society. For, church attendance, while it is not the all of the Christian life, is well-nigh indispensable to the best and holiest character. There are many who will tell you that there is no need to go to church; that you can worship God as well at home or in God's out-of-doors. It sounds plausible and smooth, but as a matter of experience it will not be found so easy to worship God in this fashion. For the quiet of the church, its purposeful shutting out so far as may be distracting sights and sounds, the noble hymns, the uplifting anthems, the reading of the Word and the offering of prayer, in a word, the atmosphere of worship put us in a receptive mood when God can best speak his message to our hearts through the sermon or through the whisper of His "still, small voice."

It is the testimony of all who habitually attend the services of the Christian Church that they minister with increasing power with the recurring Sabbaths to the upbuilding of life and character. Church attendance is not so much duty as privilege. You cannot afford to remain away. And so it is not only because as a Christian Endeavorer you pledged yourself to loyal and constant attendance upon church services that the morning and evening service and the prayer-meeting should find you there, but because as an Endeavoring Christian you cannot reach the heights toward which you strive without the uplift, inspiration and power which you alone may find in the "habitation of Jehovah's house and the place of the tabernacle of his glory."

Let us, then, that we may commend our society and upbuild our own Christian life, not forsake "our own assembling together."

SAN FRANCISCO ASSOCIATION.

The twenty-eighth meeting of San Francisco Association of Congregational Churches is to be held in Park Church, 1649 Hayes street, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, September 10th.

The afternoon meeting for organization and business it at 3:00 o'clock; supper at 6:00 o'clock, with evening folmeeting following.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY FUND.

The annual meting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union for Northern California will be held with the First Congregational Church, Alameda, Thursday, September 17th. Morning session at 11 o'clock; afternoon at 1:30. The usual luncheon and social hour around the tables at noon.

CHURCH NEWS

Campbell.—The Christian Endeavor is facing a peculiar situation. An epidemic of nursing has struck our young ladies. Three have already gone, and a fourth—one a Christian Endeavor President—leaves in September to begin her training, and others wish to go! One of our young men—a former Christian Endeavor President—has just been elected manager of the Rochdale Co. The pastor, George E. Atkinson, has recently been preaching some sermons in answer to questions asked by various members of the church and congregation. It has been so successful that he is planning a series of four such, answering the questions, "Can We Know God?" "Is Prayer Answered?" "Can Sins Be Forgiven?" "Are Miracles Possible?" The pastor's brother is expected home from Harpoot, Turkey, some time in September.

WASHINGTON.

Everett, First.—Rev. J. E. Smith spent his vacation camping at Index, returning to the city to supply his pulpit Sunday mornings. Evening services will be resumed September 6th.

Plymouth.—Dr. Temple preached here August 23d and 30th, after which he returned to his charge at Sacramento, Dr. Van Horn resuming his pulpit the first Sunday in September.

Seattle, Queen Anne.—A reception was tendered Rev. Dr. Strong by the members of the church at his residence. A very enjoyable time is reported. Dr. Strong's social qualities, combined with the delightful people of his church, guarantees success for every social undertaking.

Seattle, Alki Point.—A $2,100 church is to be erected at once to house a growing congregation and Sunday-school. About 75 per cent of the money is raised and Rev. R. W. Fletcher, Washington's carpenter preacher, is to do the work according to plans drawn by Mr. James Stevens, one of the members of the church. The church was organized three years ago and services were held in the home of Mr. Geo. R. Baker until June of this year, when the use of a portable school building was secured. But Sunday-schools and congregations have outgrown these quarters. Mr. Stuart B. Hanna, Religious Work Director of the Seattle Young Men's Christian Association, spoke on the Anti-Saloon League work, Aug. 23d.

Port Gamble.—The final issues of the Port Gamble News, issued by Pastor Elwell, have been received. We congratulate Mr. Elwell on the friendship he has formed, the tender and living memories he leaves behind, the sturdiness of the stand he has taken on the saloon question, and upon the calmness and poise he has shown through a trying ordeal, and above all upon the Christian spirit breathing in his references to the curtailment of his right to free speech. If Mr. Elwell goes to another neighborhood where there is no local paper, we hope he will issue one that will run many times 41 issues.

Cheney.—Rev. W. O. Wyatt is dangerously ill with pneumonia, resulting from a cold contracted by being rained on while sleeping out-doors. The trustees of the church have engaged a trained nurse to look after him and his mother and father have arrived in Cheney. The latest report is that he is slightly better, but not beyond serious danger. Mr. August Covert, one of the trustees and pillars of the church, reurned from a business trip to Spokane to find his house, barn and the entire contents of both in ashes. Mrs. Bigham, an old resident of the town and an active member of the church, died August 19th, and was buried by Rev. F. V. Hoyt, a former pastor of the church, Mr. Wyatt being ill.

JOTTINGS.

"Words To No Profit."

Wherever I go visiting the churches, I aim to attend the Sunday-school. I count it a privilege to take charge, as a substitute, of any class from the primary to the adult. Each has its charms for me and each its peculiar opportunities. I carefully prepare myself for each service, and the twenty-five minutes, more or less ,during which I can lead a class along some path of thought and feeling trodden once by "men moved by the Holy Spirit," seem to me sacred and precious.

That was a good lesson which we had on August 23rd about David and Jonathan, giving us an example of ideal friendship, and opening the way, through a portraiture of that brave, valiant, wise, affectionate, self-sacrificing hero, Johnathan, for an appeal to all that is noblest in young men's hearts. I taught a class of boys, and will not easily forget it.

A friend who accompanied me sat in the Bible class, and as we rode home told me how the lesson was treated there. I quote as nearly, as possible, her words: "It was the strangest handling of the Bible I ever heard. We scarcely said anything about David and Jonathan, but switched off upon Saul, telling us that Saul was the Hebrew Hercules and that we had just as much reason to believe the Hercules stories in Greek mythology as the Bible stories about Saul." I confess that if there is such a thing as righteous indignation, I had a touch of it. Those sacred moments, rich in opportunities, desecrated by the airing of such a musty piece of criticism as that! What conceivable good could come of it? We used to read something like this half a century ago concerning Samson, though not about Saul, and a thimble-full of common sense was sufficient to enable one to realize how very far the two accounts were from being parallel either as to facts or spirit. But what possible profit could such a class get from such representations, even supposing them to have some foundation in facts? "Words to no profit," (may I not add with Paul," but to the subverting of the hearers?) crowding out of that sacred half-hour a study of one of the finest characters in any ancient literature; and sacrificing to an empty idol an influence from that character that might have enriched the future of every listener!

When my indignation had cooled a little there came some self-scrutiny. How about us preachers—myself in particular! No thirty minutes could be more sacred than those in which an audience large or small offers us ears and mind and heart, to receive whatever message God is sending them through us. Do we ever fill the time with "words to no profit"? Do we indulge ourselves in speculations which have tickled our fancies, without definite thought or prayer about good to the hearers? Did we ever use that half-hour in talk concerning which, if we were asked ten minutes after our discourse was ended:—"What did you expect to accomplish by that sermon?"—we would have been puzzled to reply? Do we venture on the platform without thinking, or even knowing of souls

for whose sake we will speak, or of the help we hope to give them? What results are we consciously seeking as we prepare for that sacred half-hour? It seems to me that words not thus distinctly and directly aimed at some spiritual result, are words to no profit.—No matter how sound the doctrine, how brilliant the expression, how forceful the delivery.

I remember reading a paper at our Monday meeting fuly a quarter of a century ago, on what I called the "Law of Inequality." I had spent considerable labor upon it, and confess with shame that I was unconsciously quite proud of it.

It received some gracious compliments from some of the brethren in their remarks in response, but, dear, frank, gentle, helpful Dr. Mooar, when his turn came, took me down from my pinnacle by asking: "What is the use of it?" "What did Mr. Pond expect to accomplish by it?" I had tried to append to it a sort of practical application which he kindly recognized but evidently did not see to be practical at all. And I agreed with him. That paper has never seen the light since then.

At about the same time, when some brother was addressing the Club (as in those days we called our weekly assembly), and referred to the conversions—or the additions to the church on confession, which attended some pastor's ministry he interjected vehemently: **"I protest!" "I protest!"** He would not have a pastor's work measured by the number of conversions. He stated no grounds for his protest. He left us to wonder whether his own bright, pointed, elaborate discourses, judged by that test, would not be acounted failures. Epigrammatic sentences, keen wit, subtle humor lightening up profound thought and learning, did not avail in that case to prevent some earnest Christians from leaving our church and going to another denomination "to be fed;" and at length the preacher himself stopped preaching. For what was the use of it? Words to no profit—why should one keep on laboriously speaking them? Christ bade us go and "make disciples" of those to whom he sends us. If we do not make disciples who is to be blamed? W. C. P.

BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Fall meeting of the Bay Association is to be held in the Park Congregational Church, Berkeley, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, September 8th. The general theme of the day's papers, addresses and discussion will be "The Soul-Wining Church."

BURTON M. PALMER,
Registrar.

Judge Taft, William Howard Taft, says that the Supreme Court is the ultimate arbiter of all legal and political issues. That is what we thought, but in the matter of transporting liquor into free territory it seems that his royal mightiness, Dionysius Cannon, some times known as "Uncle Joe," decides the constitutionality of all temperance questions.

The weakling lives in his memories of yesterday, the sluggard in his hopes of tomorrow; but there is only one day in the calendar of wisdom, and that is the present. present.

Education has two uses: It teaches a wise man his limitations and inspires the fool with faith in his own omniscience.

THE HOME

THE BETTER PART.

By David Lyall.

It is a common saying that money is the root of all evil, though the thing itself is innocent and good. It is the abuse of it by human beings, its slavish worship, the unholy desire to possess it at any cost, which has wrought more woe in the world than any other force save one. The smallest, quietest place most remote from the great mart of life is not exempt from its operations, because wherever men and women are to be found there the primeval passions of mankind are ready to be fanned into life. In my business I was brought into continuous contact with the ravages of this lust of gold, and I have seen whole families split and separated by it, friendship turned to hatred, and the ties of love and kinship driven by it like chaff before the wind.

For this reason many of my tales of Cairn-Nethan parish must necessarily deal with the subject of money, and how the lack of it or the reverse affected the people with whom I was associated.

One of the most striking exemplifications of the corroding power of money-worship is to be found in the story of the Bankfoot Rutherfurds, which I shall here set down.

They were farmers of the better sort, farming their own land, which had been acquired field by field, and put within the safe bounds of a ring fence until it became one of the most compact and desirable properties in the district. This hunger for land had exhibited itself for the first time in the history of the family in the person of one Ephraim Rutherfurd, who was a cousin twice removed to the godly Samuel Rutherfurd, though I never heard that he boasted of the fact. They were a very old South Country family, but the members that had drifted in troublous times to the banks of the Nethan Water were not at that time more than ploughmen and shepherds, glad to work for hire to other men. As a family they were sober and industrious, and Ephraim managed to save out of his very meager wage and increased his little hoard by letting it out at usury.

This he did at an iniquitous rate of interest, at the same time despising with his whole heart the unhappy beings who were so unfortunate as to come within his clutches.

I must hasten on to tell how the curse that comes with money not cleanly earned descended from Ephraim Rutherfurd, and how the new estate of Bankfoot did not pass to the third generation.

Ephraim had never married, though his earlier life had contained a romance. The expenses of matrimony feared him, and the only woman he had ever desired came of extravagant folks. So he crushed down his natural feelings and devoted the flower of his manhood to the amassing of the gold that perisheth. Then he had to leave it all, in his soured and unlovely old age, to two lads that had never earned a penny of it. They were the sons of his brother David, and nobody had ever expected them to benefit by his will, since he had scarcely countenanced them in life.

But he was a queer old man, and in these parts great stress is laid upon the tie of blood and the man who

repudiates it even for disgrace or wrong is considered worse than an infidel.

I knew the contents of Ephraim Rutherfurd's will, because I had myself drawn it up very briefly, in accordance with his desire to keep the legal expenses as low as possible.

He left the two young men, David and James, his coheirs, with instructions how the farm was to be worked and the conditions on which they were to order their lives. One condition was that they should not marry.

I sent for the young men to come and see me as soon as the news of their uncle's death reached me. They lived in a neighboring parish, where they were both engaged in agricultural pursuits, David, the elder, managing a small croft, while Jimmy hired out to another man as shepherd, but lived at home with his brother. I had never before seen them, and received them with considerable interest.

"There is one law in the will which may determine you against its acceptance," I said, holding the document in my hand and eyeing them keenly. "You can only inherit on condition that you do not marry."

"Well, that'll be easy for me, Mister Kirkland, for I have nae sweetheart," said Jamie blithely. "But what do you say to this, Dave, that has trysted Mamie Caldwell for Martinmas twelvemonth?"

There was a moment's silence.

"When I spoke for her I had nae thocht o' this, Jamie, and she must just pit up wi' it."

I saw the color rise swift and red to the younger's cheek and his clear eye flash.

"D'ye hear that, Mister Kirkland? Wad ye call that fair to break tryst wi' a woman for an auld man's siller? For me, I wadna do it, an' the man that does will be accurst."

He spoke with so much heat that I divined some deeper personal interest in the question, perhaps in the woman herself.

"Nothing need be decided in a hurry," I said smoothly. "You must both take time to talk and think it over."

"And in the meantime wha will saw the crap?" inquired David shrewdly. "It needs nae thinkin'. I'll to Bankfoot and carry on the wark."

He set his jaw dourly, and after looking at him for a moment with a strange mingling of disgust and wonder, Jamie flung himself out of the office door.

"I'll hae none o' ye, Dave Rutherfurd. I wadna work wi' sich a man. An' if ye do what ye say, ye'll be waur than an infidel, for she has waited for ye lang and sair."

I have not space to go into the ins and outs of the business or to describe the consultations that took place in my office betwixt me and the two brothers. In the end, David Rutherfurd had it his own way, and took up his abode in the house of Bankfoot alone. I remonstrated with Jamie, who continued at his shepherd's work in the neighboring parish.

"So long as you are not married, my man," said I, looking at him keenly one day over my spectacles, "you are fully entitled to a home at Bankfoot and the full share of the profits that may accrue from its working."

"I dinna want it," was the unhesitating reply. "I am happy as I am, and as for my brither Davie, I couldna work wi' him."

I shook hands with him when he went out that day, for there was something about the lad that won respect and honest liking. He was sincere and manly and generous-hearted, which the other was not. So for a time he worked contentedly on the hills among Laird Greig's sheep, and never, so far as I could hear, went near Bankfoot.

Of course the news about the will had spread about Cairn-Nethan, and even beyond it, and made much talk at kirk and market. Most of the sympathy went to Jamie, who had elected to keep his independence even though it cost him dear; also those who knew and loved Mamie Caldwell (and I learned that those comprised all who had ever known her) were angered because of th way she had been jilted by her faithless lover.

It was about a year later, I think, when I had a visit one day from Jamie Rutherfurd, whom I had not seen for many months. He came in somewhat shamefacedly, as if upon an errand which caused him secret misgiving.

"Huuloa, and how are you, my lad, and what can I do for you?" I asked bluntly "Have you come to tell me you've changed your mind about Bankfoot, and that you'll take your rightful share of the old man's money, after all?"

"Never," he answered firmly. "I'm faurer off it than ever, Maister Kirkland, though I'll not deny it is about money I've come."

"Well, what about money?"

"Ye may think I hae a fine-presumption, sir, but something bade me come to ask whether ye will lend me a hundred popunds on my ain security, and naething mair substantial."

"What do you want with a hundred pounds?" I asked, searchingly, for though I had plenty of money lying by idle in the bank, I was not nor had ever been minded to hand it out for the asking to any passer-by.

"I'm comin' till it, sir; I want to gang to Canada."

"To Canada!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I've heard from Tammas Proudfoot that was born in Yetholm parish, and was my mither's brither's son. He's doin' well there among the cattle at the far side, and he's for me to go oot to him."

"But a hundred pounds! Surely you could go for less?"

"Oh, I could, because I wad travel by the cheapest; but —but ye see I'm takin' a wummin."

"A wife, eh?

"Yes, Mamie Caldwell, that my brither trysted and syne forsook for auld Ephraim's siller. Muckle guid may it dae him."

"So so, and she's willing to take this leap in the dark, is she? You've made up for the loss?"

"I havena asked her yet, but I jalouse that she'll be willin'."

I could not forbear a laugh at this very Scotch courting.

"Don't you think you'd better ask her first?"

"No; I must get the siller first, I've twa-three bit things that belonged to my mither—a gold watch an' sichlike. I'll leavv them wi' you, and I promise ye, if I live, ye shall hae the money back wi' interest as soon as ever I can pay it. An' I'll stint myself until it be paid, Maister Kirkland; ye may believe that."

"I do believe it, and you can tell Mamie if you like that the money's ready. But what if she says no?"

"She winna say no, for I'll no' let her. She's never held up her heid since. It's a hard thing for a lass to get the gang-by, Maister Kirkland, and I'll never forgie

Davie for it, if he should live to be a hunder. But he'll no thrive in Bankfoot."

In three weeks from that day Jamie Rutherfurd said goodbye to Cairn-Nethan. It was not known that he was taking a wife with him. They had arranged it very cleverly, Mamie going to pay a visit to an aunt in Edinburgh, from whose house they were married, after being cried in a strange kirk.

The day after Jamie left the town the announcement of the marriage appeared in the Scotsman, and set all the countryside by the ears.

David Rutherfurd did not take a daily paper. He was far too miserly in his habits for that, but when he came in to the market that very day it was the first news that met him.

They said he took it ill, even swearing at some of them that made very free in their speech to him about it.

For a man who had so little experience in the handling of silver, David Rutherfurd showed a wonderful skill at it, and always managed that the balance came out on the right side.

But, in spite of all his keenness, he did not prosper at Bankfoot, and his looks as the years rolled by might have awakened pity in the hearts even of those who had small sympathy with him.

I received due word of Jamie's safe arrival with his wife on the other side of the sea, and at the end of a year twenty-five pounds towards the cancelling of the debt he owed to me.

The second year the whole was paid, and accompanied by a handsome extra cheque and a photograph of a family group, consisting of Jamie, his wife, and baby daughter.

Curiously enough, all this bundle of good things arrived on a market day when I had another visit from the laird of Bankfoot.

After we had discussed our business, I opened my drawer and took out the photograph.

"Maybe you would like to see this, Mr. Rutherfurd? But perhaps you have got one yourself by the same post?"

I passed over the card, and he looked at it steadily for a moment. Then before I could stop him he walked over to the fireplace, placed it in the heart of the glowing fire, and went out the door uttering a word which it would not become me to set down in print.

I was sorry about the picture, but I was glad to see that, after all, David Rutherfurd had some feeling about it, and that perhaps even already he was realizing that in gripping his uncle's gold he had thrown away the kernel and kept the husk.

Another day I will tell you how this truth was finally and triumphantly brought home to him.—British Weekly.

UNIVERSITIES AND PROHIBITION.

The distinguished Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, who has been working off some extra brewings of his active psychology in McClure's for August, took a chance in throwing several bombs into the prohibition camp. He is doubtless profoundly surprised to find nearly all the intelligent university professors on the side of Prohibition. He ventures the statement, "Better America inspired than America sober." The answer is: "Better America inspired and sober." If there is one question beyond all others coming rapidly to the front in university life, it is the question of sobriety. Stanford University is among the first great millionaire universities to make its campus "free" territory. In replying to Professor Munsterberg, Dr. Alex. F. Chamberlain of Clark University says with much directness and force: "America well knows that a nation cannot exist half-drunk and half-sober. A sober American, surpassing the whole world in artistic genius, in scientific research and in the service to mankind, is the future in store for us, with no superstitious reliance upon alcohol as the god of our existence."

The more we inquire into the temperance question the more it is seen to be a national issue. The country, north, east, and especially south and west, is thoroughly aroused on the temperance question. Whatever claims Professor Munsterberg has as a student of social psychology he must go down as a belated observer on the temperance question. There are whole areas — cities, counties, states — where respectable people never think of entering a saloon. There are at least two States full of young people who never saw a saloon, never tasted liquor, and scarcely ever saw a drunken man. In some of our universities there are "dignified" professors trying hard to ape the old country universities by professing to "enjoy" their pipe and beer, but they are only imitators and falling far behind in the march of civilization.

There is one old Falstaffian professor on the Pacific Coast who claims the "credit" of introducing smoking in the presence of ladies at the close of the dinner party, but he is looked upon by the average student as a moral monstrosity without any sense of moral proportions. The times of such social psychology as Professor Munsterberg advocates are rapidly passing away.

There is little remaining doubt that the American saloon has committed the deadly and unforgivable sin. The establishment and maintenance of national sobriety is without doubt a tremendous problem, but it can be done. America will never be the nation God intended it should be until America is sober.

Esperanto is gradually but surely gaining ground and believes it has a fair chance to become a "universal language." Last week an Esperanto Conference was held in Dresden. It is claimed that there are now 1,000 Esperanto societies and schools organized and fifty-five magazines published in the interest of that attempt to universalize a form of speech. We are glad it is not so unfortunate in its name as the attempt of Schleyer. Volapuk was simple enough, but it died of umlautism. That old High Dutch whistling sound gave it a fatal pucker and the Volapukists died. The lamentation was not so great as it would have been had not the reactionary umlaut fastened itself upon the very initative of the scheme, the terrific name. The Volapukists have gone where the "woodbine twineth." May a better fate preside over the fortunes of the Esperanto.

District Attorney Jerome of New York has been triumphantly acquitted and commended by the committee appointed to investigate his official conduct. It is fairly apparent and becoming more so that every officer who dares to do his duty will be attacked by the evil contingency and, if possible, discredited. If this evil contingency cannot brow-beat and intimidate a good officer, then they will get in behind him and try, as in this case, to urge him into excess. Mr. Jerome seems to know the situation and has kept in the boundaries of sanity.

Young People

MA AND PA.

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Sez pa, one winter's night;
"I'd go down South an' stay a while
Where days are warm an' bright."
He set an' watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing!"
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!)
Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea,
Then pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
Sez pa; "I'd have a snap!"
Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore;
Pa—at his ev'nin' nap!
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pairs o' socks;
Pa woke, an' sez, "It's time for bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

—Mary F. K. Hutchinson.

THE FLOWERS OF GOLD.

"I wish there were real fairies," thought Laura as she brushed up the crumbs and cleared away the dishes from the breakfast table. She was so little that she stood on a wooden box to wash and wipe the dishes, but her energy and will to work were far greater than her years or her stature. She did not wish aloud, for she did not want to grieve her mother, who had entered the kitchen at that moment with her hat on and her working apron tied up in a bundle.

"You'll take care of the baby, Laura?" asked the mother anxiously. "You'll keep the cover to the well closed and watch the gate that he does not run off. If anything should happen to him, don't wait, but come for me at once. I'll be at Mrs. Carter's. I'll be cleaning there all this week."

"Yes; don't worry about us, mother. We'll get along; we'll have bread and milk for dinner."

She followed her mother to the door, the two-year-old baby toddling after her.

With a smile and a kiss Mrs. Hivener went her way, but not without fear in her heart. The children were small to leave all day alone; but as they must have food and going out by the day was the only work she could do, there seemed nothing else to do but leave them alone.

"I wish there were fairies, don't you, baby?" Laura said, returning to her dishwashing. "If there were, I'd ask them to send mother baskets and baskets of gold, so she would not have to work so hard. Wouldn't that be nice, baby?"

Baby laughed and declared that it would be fine.

When the dishes were washed and put away and the kitchen swept, Laura took the baby and went out to play under the old sweet apple tree. The thought of helping her mother was yet in her mind. Stretching out before her eyes was field after field of pasture land yellow with buttercups.

"I know what I can do for mother," I can get a little bit of gold for her. Hurry, Robert, and come with sister. W e will take the big basket and fill it with buttercups."

Working together they filled the basket with the golden flowers. "We must have only the yellow part, Robert," she said. It was a tedious job. The morning passed before the basket was filled.

"Now, Robert, I'll tell you what we'll do," she said as they went back to their yard. "I mean to stew these down; and when they are cooked enough, I'll pour off the water, and the gold in the flowers will lie loose in the bottom. We'll take the gold and buy mother a beautiful dress."

Robert was only too willing to be a party to the plan. A great iron kettle hung in its place in the yard.

"This will be better than cooking in the house. Robert, you gather chips while I get the matches and carry out a bucket of water."

Soon the fire was burning and the water in the kettle bubbling. Laura kept piling chips high. She wished to be sure that the flowers were well cooked. She did not know how long it would take to separate the gold from the buttercups.

"But it will be better to boil them too much than not enough," she said sagely to Robert. He agreed, as he did in everything his sister suggested.

While the kettle was boiling nicely a strange man drove up to the gate, left the carriage, and came into the yard. "Can't you tell me where the old Melory farm is?" he asked.

"I don't know where it is," was Laura's reply.

"Slip into the house and ask your mother. I'll give you a penny. I'm afraid to leave my horse.'

"My mother's away cleaning house for Mrs. Carter," she said.

"You children here alone? Does your mother allow you to make a fire?" There was an anxious tone in her voice as he asked the question.

Laura told him then how her mother went away each day to work and how tired she was. "So I'm melting out the gold in the golden flowers," she said with a pretty air of importance. "Mother does not know. We mean to surprise her when she comes home. But I'm not sure whether I've cooked them enough."

The stranger drew near the kettle. "They are done—well done," he said, looking down in to the kettle. "I wouldn't cook them a minute longer. Now while you go to the house for a pail of water to cool this mess, and a dipper to dip it out I'll put out the fire and swing the kettle around."

Eager and excited Laura hurried to the house.

"Run after your sister, little boy, and her to bring me a glass of water," said the stranger to Robert. The instant Robert turned away the stranger took his hands from his pocket and leaned over the kettle. There was a strange little clicking sound as he did so.

When Laura returned, the fire was out and the kettle swung out on the grass.

The stranger emptied the water into the kettle. "It's cold enough now to dip out," he said. "Go slowly and examine each tinful. I'm sure you had enough flowers for two large pieces of gold. I'd be careful to find them. Now I must go. God-bye and good luck, little girl and boy."

In an instant he was driving down the road. "How strange!" said Laura. "He has gone off without touching the glass of water I brought to him."

She turned to the kettle and dipped slowly and carefully. In the very last dipper lay round pieces of gold. There were two of them, just as the stranger had said there would be.—By Jean K. Baird in Epworth Era.

JIM'S BROTHER.

One of the world's successful men told some young men recently how, when he was a boy working in a hardware store, he wanted to leave when he was put at cleaning windows, and the young girls he called on saw him at his menial occupation. The boy complained to his father, who advised him to do the cleaning, and to do it with the best of his ability. "If you do whatever is given you to do to the best of your ability," said the father, "your employers won't find it profitable to keep you long at window cleaning."

This little story reminds us of one which was related last week to the writer by a business man. A boy had come to him desiring a position. He was given one, and all went well for a few days. Then the boy was set to work cleaning windows. His pride rebelled, he threw up his job, and went home. In a few hours another boy appeared.

"I'm Jim's brother," he announced, "and I'd like to have his job. I'll clean windows or do anything you want me to do."

"Jim's brother," added the gentleman, "has already had one rise in wages, and is one of the best boys we ever had."—Christian Worker.

THE PRAYER MEETING FROZEN UP.

A large church in Indiana is lighted with acetylene gas. During the extreme cold weather last winter the plant occasionally would not work well. One of the coldest nights happened to be prayer meeting evening. A brother in a distant part of town who never failed to attend that service telephoned to the parsonage to learn, before making the long trip necessary to reach the church, whether everything was all right.

The eight-year-old son of the pastor answered the 'phone, and when the brother asked if the prayer meeting would be held, the boy said, "No, the prayer meeting was 'froze up.'" The child did not know how near the truth he was.

Conditions existed in the church such as would freeze up any prayer meeting. Yes, and also freeze the heart of any man who has for his object in preaching the salvation of men and the extension of Christ's kingdom. The words of the little son started a train of serious reflections in the mind of the pastor, and in a few moments he was in the study alone, unseen by any except the Father, to whom he prayed for help.

My brother laymen, is your prayer meeting frozen up by a careless life of the membership of your church? That is the condition of too many churches today. Thaw out the prayer meeting and you will have a perpetual revival.

LOSS OF IRREGULARITY.

No man can do his work best irregularly. Every man must allow for interruptions in his life and plans; life would not be worth living without interruptions. But the interruptions that God sends into our life are very different from the irregularities that we allow there . Physicians warn us against irregularity in our meal hours; the system will do better work and last longer if its needs are suplied regularily; so will a fine watch that is regularly wound. And if our physical bodies need food regularly, how much more does our spiritual life. A man cannot tuck in his morning or evening prayers haphazard,—before breakfast, after breakfast, in bed or out of bed, and gain any such sustenance from them as God intends he should have. If prayer is worth anything it is worthy of its own regular place in our lives, —and that place is supreme.

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